RING OUT, RING IN.

ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

How the Handsome Blonde Young Man Kept New Year's Day.

THEY boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, rose-bud lips and deep-red cheeks. Her raven locks fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into a massive coil, artistically braided, in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were resplendent with a warm light, and had, in their half-shy expression, a charm which fascinated for weal or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.

He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close cut. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and, do what he might, he could not avoid gazing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blessed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.

They were, ere long, introduced; but their acquaintance seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate rather than unite them. She had other friends and needed him not; he was busy and cared not for her.

In this way the fall slipped by, and an occasional nod in the morning or evening, never at both times, a few words extremely commonplace as they met on the stairs, a merely polite bow upon the street was all their communication.

As has been said, she seemed nervous at the table, undoubtedly disliked to have every mouthful of food carefully scrutinized before she enjoyed its flavor—possibly the ordeal destroyed the flavor. At all events she suddenly changed her seat, presenting a most charming and unbroken view of her back to the careful attention of her admirer. Unquestionably she thought this would entirely discomfort him and force him to capitulate, in just what manner she did not know.

But, strange to relate, he survived this rebuff. He lived along as before, weighed as heavily, ate as heartily and slept at night as serenely. In fact he rather enjoyed the occasional views of her profile, perhaps, as much as her full face. But it must be confessed that he noticed the pointed cut and laid it away among his keepsakes—for he had many such to gladden his lonely hours.

Thus the early winter passed, and she could not help but think now and then of this innocent young man she had so cruelly ignored. In fact, as is often the case if we endeavor to put a thought from us, he came ever more often to her mind. Her many admirers seemed less attractive; their compliments were hackneyed, heartless; she longed for a new voice, an unexpected remark, a new conquest. And feeling that way it was perfectly natural that she should think of the blonde young man, who patiently smiled at the back of her head during dinner. Ah! how she longed to resume her old seat! How she longed to undo all that her foolish perverseness had done! She even laid awake nights planning to bring about the proper result

THIS STOOD ON THE BUREAU.

and yet preserve her dignity—for she would part with her life more gladly than with her dignity.

And all this time he, too, gave many thoughts to the sweet brunette; not sentimental thoughts, not romantic thoughts, not particularly interesting thoughts, but very ordinary musings, as he admired over and over again the taste with which her back hair was arranged; the superb fit of her tailor-made dress; the round plumpness of her arm; the soft whiteness of her hand.

Gossips will circulate in a boarding-house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—she overheard two of the servants discussing certain photographs. She learned they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies. Now, the dominant characteristic of the feminine mind is curiosity. Sorry to say so, but it is true. Some will go to almost any length to appease it. And many a woman has brought trouble on herself and friends to gratify it. And our little heroine was plentifully supplied with this valuable article.

"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself; then quickly answered it: "Of course he has. But perhaps he is engaged! Think of it—engaged! Is such a thing possible?"

And fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she flung her door open. There was no one in the hall; the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see *that other* perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance of detection from that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear. Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in his mirror—a dainty hand-painted thing—doubtless the gift of *that other*. But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.

The upper drawer of the bureau was open a little way—all else was in good order. She had been studying the photograph, perhaps a minute, raptly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step come hurrying up the stairs. She turned pale with fright, for she recognized his quick step, and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer, she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for he had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.

At her bosom she wore a dainty glove-buttoner of oxidized silver—a pretty thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from its resting-place as she sat reading in her own room, and when the thought of those photographs came to her she rose so suddenly that she still further loosened it; while bending over the picture on his bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and when she turned quickly to fly it fell into the partly-open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it at so critical a moment.

When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair, which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room; but in her eagerness to escape she thought not of that obstruction, but rushed into it, overturned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, humbled most piteously, she sprawled full length upon the floor, a dozen hair-pins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lordly dignity!

Just at this juncture he, a little wearied with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunder-struck. He paused abruptly upon the threshold as if spell-bound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was forced to grasp the casing of the door-way lest he, too, might fall.

HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY UPON THE THRESHOLD.

This weakness, of course, lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon its back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, her aid for hair dressing scattered about in profusion, a faint smile lit his face—surely this was pardonable.

The next moment however, his expression changed, for she remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted her gently to her feet, and sought to assure her that no harm was done.

Good health is a blessing. A robust constitution is more to be prized than a mint of money. But for once in her life she longed to be a delicate, sensitive creature, able to swoon at the shortest notice. For would it not have been blissful to be unconscious at that trying moment? Her hands were bruised, likewise her face, arms and many parts of her body, for she fell heavily; but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His arms were about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair; his voice was speaking polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate words; but still she sobbed, her heart nearly broken.

He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was a kind-hearted man after all, and as he appreciated her situation he gently drew her toward the hall.

"I—I—will—go—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt."

After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room and he was standing in the center of his, wondering how she happened to be where he found her.

It would be wrong to say that he arrived at the proper solution of the problem at once; for, although his wits were fairly sharp and the correct thought came to his mind, still he was not so conceited as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty, lace-trimmed handkerchief and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau drawer before mentioned. As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove-buttoner, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed raptly at it, and then, with a sigh which may have meant very much, put it with the other spoils and dropped into his great chair to think.

Several days flew swiftly by to the busy workers of this bustling city, but they hung very heavily upon the hands of two fated mortals. He resumed his seat as usual at the table, but she came not. Day after day went by and she was not seen; and his heart beat more wildly as he surveyed her vacant chair, knowing so well the cause of its abandonment. Her mother seemed in no way changed towards him, and her friends seemed not to be aware of the remarkable coincidence.

Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was so much worried and troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss —— was seriously ill. And this was her answer:

"Yes; we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps not at all—or only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we can not account for it in any way."

Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep Sunday night. He saw that her pride and shame were killing her. He knew not why, but his own heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of any thing or anyone but her.

This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about half-past eleven o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's. His door was open a little way, and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn a week ago when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away. And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him—or, rather, courage came to him—sufficient to carry out the bidding of a thought he had cherished for many days.

He stopped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpins, glove buttoner and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face he stammered:

"Pardon—I think—I should say this—or these belong to your daughter."

After which he made a very shame-faced retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate thus. The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly received new strength as she heard his voice, and springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cord in almost breathless haste. The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed, and sank into a chair, not really knowing what next to expect.

The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes; her bosom heaved with mighty sobs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Alarmed at this the mother went to her child, and when she became more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her every thing. Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote also a few words, tied it in with the relics—if they may be so called—and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.

This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart-stricken young man almost flew into the larger room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.

And now my tale is done. It were not proper or fair to tell what words, what sighs, what promises were exchanged that New Year morning. Suffice it to say that with the old year died all their differences, all their causes for sorrow, and with the New Year came love, peace and joy. This is but a silly love story, I hear the reader remark, and yet are there not many groundless or foolish misunderstandings between those who should be friends or lovers which by a slight effort can be put away in the grave of the old year? Let this New Year smile on all and frown on none.—F. W. Pearson.

Well-Begun Years.

The character of each year's living will depend very much upon the beginning of each year. Well-begun years will have much to do with well-spent years. Too many years begin so as to promise very little in their onward course, and their successive days and weeks and months, as might be expected, are no better than their beginnings; and possibly, if not probably, not as good. A better beginning of a new year would have been encouraging as to an annual contribution to a well-spent life. Well-begun years are demanded for well-spent lives.

It is related that "there exists a beautiful custom in Germany, which it would be well to imitate everywhere. On the first day of the New Year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangements between friends and relatives, mutual visits are interchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven. Let this custom begin with reconciliation to God; there friendship and fellowship may be found that shall be blessed and lasting."

Fitting thoughts, upon entering a New Year, have found utterance as follows:

"We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on the border-land we have never trod before.
Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn:
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thresh and reap and sow,
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the old year go—
Then gather all your vigor, press onward in the fight,
And let this be your motto: 'For God and for the Right.'"

—Watchman.

THE HUMAN APPETITE.

How It Can Be Satisfied in the City of Chicago.

Restaurants Where Mouth-Bowls Are in Daily Use—Fifteen-Cent Hash-Houses—A Study of Waiters and Their Peculiar Ways.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

In Chicago, as elsewhere, man can not live without dining, and the only difference between the simon-pure Chicagoan and other specimens of American mankind in this respect is that the Michigan Lake breezes have the effect of creating an appetite which would put to shame the dweller in any other part of the country. Take him all in all, the average Chicago man lives to eat, and the average Chicago woman keeps him company.

This will, perhaps, explain the existence of the thousands of restaurants and eating-houses whose prosperity seems so inexplicable to strangers who visit the Garden City for the first time. Each street corner here, they observe, has its saloon, with a drug-store across the way and a restaurant in the middle of the block. This is natural. The pure ozone from the lake creates an appetite for substantial eatables, the hurry and worry of business life make a brisk demand for drinkables, and the subsequent overloaded condition of the stomach compels a visit to the nearest pill shop. "The great Chicago trinity—saloon, drug store and restaurant," a wise man from the East once upon a time called the combination, and, to tell the truth, he was not far from summing the whole thing up correctly.

HEAD WAITER.

Saloons and drug stores are very much alike wherever one may go, and it would be a waste of words to speak about them, but a description of what Chicago offers in the way of eating-houses will throw some light on a matter in which every body is interested.

First of all, then, Chicago has restaurants for all classes and conditions of human beings. Restaurants for the rich, restaurants for the poor, restaurants for women, restaurants for negroes, restaurants for Germans, restaurants for Frenchmen, restaurants for rat-and-rice-eating heathens, lunch counters for busy clerks and eating halls for tramps and other impecunious individuals.

There are, for instance, gorgeous dining halls for the representatives of the four hundred who may desire to dine outside of their clubs, where a piece of sirloin steak costs a dollar and a look at the head waiter adds a quarter to the bill, where *garcons* in full dress flit hither and thither with noiseless tread, where finger-bowls are in every-day use and where even the fashionable mouth-bowl is not a stranger.

What on earth is a mouth-bowl, you ask. Why, the mouth-bowl is a Russian institution; a square or round glass bowl with a pretty little glass inside; the whole being served on a glass dish together with a fine linen doily of diminutive size. After the finger-bowl has been passed, the *garcon* makes his appearance with the mouth-bowl. With as much grace as you can command you remove the glass from the bowl, pass the perfumed water through your mouth and unostentatiously deposit it in the bowl. Then you take the doily, wipe your mouth, put the glass back into the bowl, wipe your fingers and the task is done. As I said, this and an unlimited number of other luxuries you can enjoy, provided you are willing to pay two or three dollars for a thirty-five-cent meal.

WHITE WAITER.

If you do not care to pay a week's salary for a day's board you can go to any one of the two hundred or more restaurants where a good meal can be obtained for thirty-five or fifty cents. In these places you will not find many of the appointments of fashionable life, but you will be thrown with the representatives of the great middle class of Chicago, men and women who prefer a good roast or a choice chop to costly bric-a-brac in the way of cut glass and solid silver.

Natives or visitors fond of German cooking have the choice of half a dozen or more places where "buck wurst mit sauer-kraut" is served with the same regularity as are pork and beans in the Yankee boarding-house. Swiss cheese and even the aromatic Limburger can be washed down with a delicious cup of coffee or chocolate, for, strange as it may seem, in none of the German restaurants of the better class can beer or other intoxicating liquors be obtained. The cooking is Teutonic from the soup down to the Kaiser pudding, and buxom German lassies with an amplitude of bustle carry your order from the dining-room to the kitchen.

The Restaurants Francaise, on the other hand, employ fine-looking male waiters, who view with contempt, begotten by a feeling of racial superiority, upon German waiting-maids and humble Senegambian menials. In nine cases out of ten the shabby French waiter is a man of family, that is, the descendant of a family with a title as long as that of the French soup on the *menu*. French and German noblemen in reduced circumstances seem to take to waiting on a table as naturally as a duck does to water, and as most of them are decidedly in reduced circumstances after they have been in this glorious country for five or six months without catching a shallow-pated American heiress, the supply of titled menials far exceeds the demand. The result has been a reduction of wages for this class of labor, and a union composed of colored gentlemen has under consideration the passage of a memorial to Congress praying for the exclusion from their native land of Counts and Barons who can not make an honest living in the effete monarchies of the Old World. In this they have the sympathy of their white fellow-citizens, who will cheerfully second their patriotic and disinterested efforts.

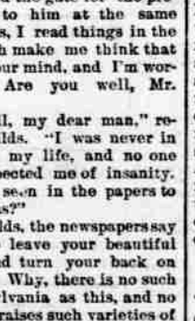
LADY WAITER.

The king of Chicago waiters, however, is not the titled foreigner, but the hash-slinger in the five and ten-cent feed-houses located on South Clark and West Madison streets. He is a character that baffles description; half tramp, half gentleman. Rigged out in a shirt that may, perchance, have once been white, and an apron reaching from the neck to the feet so as to cover a patch-work pair of trousers, he intimidates his customers by scowling at them in a way which instinctively makes them put their hands over those pockets in which they may have a stray dime or two. The order given, it is bawled out in a stentorian voice and the unhappy guest, too frightened to leave his seat, is kept waiting fifteen or twenty minutes before his order is filled. One of these queer establishments has a sign on the window with the inscription:

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE.
HAM AND EGGS.....10 CENTS.
OATMEAL AND 3 EGGS, 10 CENTS.
With a cup of coffee or tea free gratis.

In the same place a small beefsteak, potatoes, bread and butter, and three doughnuts can be obtained for a dime, and a sirloin steak with the same extras for fifteen cents. Pork and beans is worth eight cents; mutton chops, ten cents; roast chicken, fifteen cents, and other articles in proportion. Of course, eating houses of this description are patronized only by the lowest class of working-people, tramps and other problematical characters. The fact that, according to a police official's statement, there are in existence in the business districts of Chicago over one hundred of this class of restaurants, each of which feeds from one to five hundred persons per day, proves perhaps more conclusively than any thing else that a large city like Chicago harbors at all times ten thousand men who are either out of work or belong to the criminal class. The hash-slingers employed by the proprietors of these resorts are recruited from their customers, and hence the casual observer need not be surprised when he receives a somewhat noisy reception.

Chinese restaurants are something of a novelty in Chicago, and no Caucasian would care to visit one of them for the purpose of obtaining a meal more than once. The victuals and delicacies served by the pig-tailed proprietors of these South Clark street dens are prepared in genuine Oriental style and seasoned with an indescribable combination of vile herbs and spices. Rice forms the principal substance of every feast, but on high holidays the heathen basement revelers indulge in bird's nest soup, imported yams and dried fish, the smell of which would make a full-grown skunk hide its head in shame. The prices asked by Chinese Bonifaces are extravagant, but the old adage *de gustibus non est disputandum* can be applied to the almond-eyed Asiatics with the same propriety as to the civilized bon vivants, and perhaps we, who consider raw oysters on the half-shell a rare delicacy, have no business to throw stones at the poor deluded heathen who prefers decayed fish to animated bivalves.



COLORED WAITER.

But, as said before, in Chicago a stranger can have whatever he wants at prices to suit his purse. The meats served in the most expensive as well as the cheapest places have passed a rigid inspection, and while the "cuts" in the fifteen-cent restaurants may not be the choicest, yet they are as wholesome as those served in more gorgeous places, and this fact dwellers in the rural districts should not forget when visiting the great metropolis of the West.

G. W. Weippert.

GOOD ADVICE.

What Mr. Childs' Gardener Thought About Running for President.

An old gardener at Louella, who was employed by George W. Childs to superintend his flower beds, went forth to meet Mr. Childs one day in the spring of '88, and opened the gate for the proprietor, saying to him at the same time: "Mr. Childs, I read things in the newspapers which make me think that you are losing your mind, and I'm worried about it. Are you well, Mr. Childs?"

"Perfectly well, my dear man," responded Mr. Childs. "I was never in better health in my life, and no one ever before suspected me of insanity. What have you seen in the papers to awaken such ideas?"

"Well, Mr. Childs, the newspapers say that you want to leave your beautiful gardens here and turn your back on these rare roses. Why, there is no such garden in Pennsylvania as this, and no one in the world raises such varieties of superb roses. There is your own La France, the finest thing in petals any one ever saw bud and bloom. The papers say that you want to leave this glorious spot, and if you do, Mr. Childs, you are crazy."

"But, I assure you, my man, that I never heard of such a thing before. I never saw any thing in the newspapers about my giving up this beautiful home. I do not intend to give it up or leave it."

"Well, Mr. Childs, the papers do say that you are going to run for President. That's foolishness, for there ain't a garden nor a home in Washington to equal this one. You'd be foolish to be President."

A Sure Sign.

"Jones," said Smythe, as he watched a couple strolling near, "that is a first love affair."

"How do you know?"

"I just heard her make him promise not to smoke or drink."—Time.

There is but one safe way to milk a kicking cow, and that is to get your milk of the dealer in that beverage.

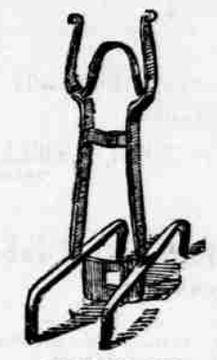
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

A GOOD MOLE-TRAP.

An Effective Contrivance for Ridding the Garden of These Pests.

It is a sad tale, says a writer in Farm and Fireside, which one of my friends has just been telling me—the tale of a cold-frame well filled only a few days ago with fine plants of choice cabbage varieties for spring planting, now utterly ruined by the pesky mole. Not a plant left! "What shall I do to get rid of the pest?" asks my friend in despair and with blood in his eye.

In the first place I would select a site for the cold-frame somewhat farther removed from a creek or the edge of a low land meadow than was my friend's. Moles don't usually work in gravelly or clayey upland, such as the inquirer had at his disposal for the purpose. Furthermore, I would board up a hot-bed tightly, clear from the bottom of the excavation up, and fix cold-frames in a similar way, thus guarding, in a measure, against the intrusion of moles, rats and mice.



MOLE-TRAP.—SET.

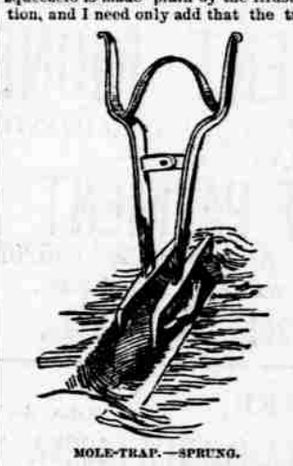
But if these quadrupeds get into the beds after all, I know of no other way of getting them out than to catch them or to poison them. Of the two ways I always prefer the former. Poisoning, with me, is only the very last resort.

In all localities where moles abound (which is not the case in my friend's place), and in larger towns generally, the hardware stores keep good, serviceable mole-traps on sale, although I am not posted concerning the price usually asked for them. By taking a little time, and with some patience and perseverance in setting the trap or traps, the offenders can be got rid of, and their numbers in rich garden soils, lawns or meadows, wherever they abound, at least greatly reduced.

As a rule, I do not admire the garden implements and small devices generally that come from foreign countries. They are mostly clumsy affairs, adapted to clumsy methods and to conditions where time and labor are of little consequence. In the mole-trap shown in the annexed illustration I think we have an exceptional instance. It seems to be a model of simplicity, and altogether a serviceable device. It comes from Germany, but whether patented or not I am not informed. Any blacksmith would be able to make one after the picture, all the materials needed being some band iron and a piece of spring steel.

If manufactured in a wholesale way, cast iron being substituted for wrought iron, the original cost might be reduced so that the trap could be sold in retail for fifteen cents apiece at a profit to the manufacturer ank dealer. The retailers in Germany sell the trap for about eleven cents apiece or one dollar per dozen. At that rate every farmer could afford to have a trap or two, while seventy-five cents or one dollar each (which I suppose is about what a mole-trap sells for at our stores) makes its use in many instances prohibitory.

The construction of these mole-squeezers is made plain by the illustration, and I need only add that the trap



MOLE-TRAP.—SPRUNG.

is set by pressing the handles, A A, of the "mole tongues" together, thus opening the jaws, B B B, and inserting the trigger, C, in position, thereby keeping the jaws apart. Carefully open a little piece of the mole-run from the top, then insert the trap thus set lengthwise of the run, so that the trigger, which is cut out in the middle, forms a kind of obstruction to the passage of the animal, and cover the run up again with pieces of sod or slate. The mole comes along, runs against the obstructing trigger, this unwittingly releasing the jaws and giving the spring, D, a chance to exert its power. All at once the unfortunate animal finds himself in a tight squeeze, and in the iron grip of death. It makes no difference, either, from which side he comes; he meets the same fate.

What Is the Most Economical Breed?

A model milk test was held by Prof. J. W. Robertson at the Provincial fair in Ontario with a view of ascertaining cost of production as well as amount. The every-day farmer cares more to know what kind of cow will produce one pound of butter the cheapest than to know which will produce the most. Three cows each of Ayrshires and Jerseys were entered. The Ayrshires with $1.48 worth of food gave 245 pounds of milk which produced 7.13 pounds of pure fat. The Jerseys gave 175 pounds of milk which yielded 8.03 pounds of fat or $1.20 worth of food. With making due allowance for the length of time after calving, the Ayrshires showed a profit of 13 per cent. on the value of the feed consumed and the Jerseys 47 per cent. The only thing that prevents this test from being absolutely conclusive is the shortness of the test. Most of the milk and butter was the result of feed consumed days and may be weeks before the fair. Such a test marked an advanced step, but it should extend over a longer period of time.—New England Farmer.

Lay the grape vines down on the ground. That will help them through the winter, if you do nothing else.

POULTRY.

Preparing and Shipping It to Market—An Excellent Crate.

Poultry shipped alive to market, says the American Agriculturist, should be well fattened, healthy and free from blemish. It is mostly used by the city people who will not take or use any fowl or animal that is in any way deformed; but for unblemished and well-fattened fowls they are willing to pay the highest price. Before putting them in the coops give plenty of feed and drink. Feed grain only; meal sours. Do not overcrowd the coop, as it causes excessive heat and makes the fowls feverish and sickly. If sent by express the coop should be as small and light as is compatible with sufficient strength to bear rough handling. Freight is charged on weight of coop, as well as of poultry. Old roosters usually sell at half the price of fowls, and young roosters are rated the same as chickens. Small and near-by lots are best sent by express, and the coops will be returned free of charge. These can be made smaller and lighter than those which are sent by freight.

A good and convenient size for express coops for fowls, chickens and ducks is as follows: Boards for ends and middle, each two feet long, one foot wide and five-eighths of an inch thick, free from shakes or splits, and of light dry wood. For the bottom use boards four feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick. For the sides and tops good, clear, straight-grained plasterers' lath is the best and cheapest. Make the bottom of boards the same length as the full width of the end and middle pieces. Nail the lower laths close against the bottom boards on both sides to prevent the fowls from getting their feet or legs out. Leave interstices of about two inches between the laths on the sides, but only one and a-half on top. This prevents the fowls from sticking their heads through and being injured or killed as one coop is placed on another. Do not nail the two middle laths on top of the coop, but use screws so they can be easily removed. Nail a piece of thin, light hoop-iron all around the ends and middle. For small spring chickens and pigeons make coops of the same dimensions, but only eight inches high, as only strong, healthy pigeons are used for trap shooting. Do not put squealers or young ones in, or any with clipped wings, as they will be thrown out when sold.

For geese the coops should be fourteen, and for turkeys sixteen inches

CRATE FOR SHIPPING POULTRY.

high. For shipping by freight or long distance make as follows: Five feet six inches long, three feet wide and one foot high for chickens, fowls and ducks; for geese, fourteen inches high, and for turkeys sixteen. The coop is divided by a partition across the middle. Use posts two inches square for the corners and middle. The slats on each side next to the bottom should be three feet five inches long, the others at each end three feet long. The five inches extension beyond the end of the coop is to hold a feed trough. The long slats and bottom boards are five feet six inches long—all three-eighths of an inch thick. The slats are from two and a-half to three inches wide, free from knots and straight-grained. A V-shaped notch is cut in the projecting ends of the lower slats to hold the feed trough outside of the coop. Put the slats on the sides and ends, about two inches apart; but closer on top to prevent the fowls from getting their heads through. Make a feed trough of two pieces of board, four or five inches wide, and the length of the coop with end blocks in, and nail well in the notches of the bottom end pieces and to the side slat. The best feed to use is cracked corn thoroughly soaked, as it holds the moisture and will not sour. The illustration shows the heavy style of coop in perspective.

ORCHARD HINTS.

How to Take Care of the Young Trees—Nursery Treatment.

The growth of a highly-cultivated nursery tree is rapid because the fiber is quickly built up and is of a succulent character. Such trees are tender, and while in the nursery need protection. In high latitudes this can be accomplished by planting rows of trees four to five feet apart, using a heavy plow to bank them up two feet high on the approach of winter. Where higher banking is needed it can easily be done with a hoe or rake and all but the top branches of one and two-year apple trees can be perfectly protected if they are headed low. Where the tips of the branches are injured they can be cut back without injuring the shape of the young tree. Of course the banks of earth must be leveled in the spring. When three years old the trees can be heeled in ready for spring sales.

Transplanting into the orchard checks the growth, ripens and hardens the wood, placing the tree in a position to withstand a lower temperature than while in the nursery. The buds of peach trees can be covered with the plow the first season, and uncovered in the spring. These will be ready to set the following fall or to winter in the cellar. Cherries can be managed the same as peaches until one year old, and if it be desirable to retain them until two years old they can be banked with the plow the same as with two-year-old apples. This same treatment is applicable to tender shrubs, roses and out-door plants. Where trees are wintered in a cellar it is not desirable to keep them too warm. Zero weather will do no harm to such trees. More are harmed by not enough cold than by too much where protected by a cellar.

Making an Orchard.

Do not select too many varieties. For the West none of us need to be told that the varieties that do even fairly well are not great. If there is a variety that for several years has done well in your immediate vicinity take it. Perhaps it may be somewhat inferior. But take it. The Ben Davis is not the best of apples, but many an apple grower sticks to it because it often does better than a better variety. Winter apples are preferable to fall or summer. That is to say, it is better to have more of them than fall or summer varieties. Early apples, however, are profitable to grow. Any thing that is early on the farm usually brings a good price. But the main dependence in apple growing are the winter varieties.—Western Rural.